

A
T A L E *K*
AND TWO
F A B L E S
In V E R S E.

WITH

Three PREFACES, one POSTSCRIPT,
and two NOTA-BENÉ's, in Prose.

By the AUTHOR of the TOTNESS-
ADDRESS *Verfify'd*.



L O N D O N:

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POLTIS, King of THRACE:

OR,

The PEACE-KEEPER.

A

TALE

FROM

PLUTARCH.

Address'd to the

PRINCES of EUROPE.

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THE
First PREFACE,
Concerning the
T A L E.

READER,

Y good Friend Mr. POPE, (and
that, you'll say, is a great Name,
and this a fair Beginning,) I
say, Mr. POPE observes, in his Notes on
a Passage in the 9th Iliad, that "every
" honest Man loves his Wife; and
" that HOMER makes ACHILLES,
" even

“ even in the Heat of Youth and Passion,
 “ preserve his Respect to the Ladies.
 But at the same time, as the Satyr ob-
 serv’d of the Man in the Fable, my good
 Friend aforesaid has shewn himself Master
 of the valuable Quality of blowing hot and
 cold, with the same Mouth ; for he tells a
 Story (which, he says, he met with some-
 where in PLUTARCH,) of POLTIS,
 King of THRACE, who wou’d have
 parted with two Wives, out of pure
 good Nature, to two mere Strangers.
 When the Greeks, says he, were raising
 Forces against Troy, they sent Ambassa-
 dors to this POLTIS to desire his As-
 sistance. He enquir’d the Cause of the
 War, and was told, it was the Injury
 PARIS had done MENELAUS, in ta-
 king his Wife from him. “ If that be
 “ all, said the good King, let me accom-
 “ modate the Difference. Indeed, it is
 “ not just that the Greek Prince should
 “ lose a Wife ; and, on the other side,
 “ ’tis pity the Trojan should want one.
 “ Now, I have two Wives ; and to pre-
 “ vent

“went all this Mischief, I’ll send one of
 “them to MENELAUS, and the other
 “to PARIS.” It is a Shame, adds my
 Friend POPE, this Story is so little
 known, and that poor POLTIS, yet re-
 mains uncelebrated. I cannot but recom-
 mend him to the modern Poets.

Who d’ye think, Reader, of all the
 modern Poets, first took the Hint, and
 celebrated POLTIS in two Dozen of
 Lines? Who, but my old Friend MAT.
 PRIOR! another great Name, you’ll say.
 He found a Place for the Hero in his
 Alma; whence I beg Leave to steal
 what he says of him, no less for your
 Edification, than to lengthen my Pre-
 face: Besides, gentle Reader, I’d have
 you know, that I am for throwing all the
 Monuments, sacred to POLTIS, together,
 the better to perpetuate his Memory, and
 magnify the Pile in Honour of his Name.

Hear

Hear then what M A T. says-----

“ **P**OLTIS, that generous King of *Thrace*,
 “ I think was in this very Case.

*No matter what the Case was-----See
 what follows.*

“ All *Asia* now was by the Ears,
 “ And GODS beat up for Volunteers
 “ To *Greece* and *Troy*; while **POLTIS**
 fat
 “ In Quiet, governing his State.
 “ And whence, said the Pacific King,
 “ Does all this Noise and Discord spring?
 “ Why, **PARIS** took **ATRIDES**’ Wife---
 “ With Ease I could compose this Strife.
 “ The injur’d Hero should not lose,
 “ Nor the young Lover want a Spouse.
 “ But **HELEN** chang’d her first Condition,
 “ Without her Husband’s just Permission.
 “ What from the Dame can **PARIS** hope?
 “ She may as well from him elope.
 “ Again, how can her old Good-man,
 “ With Honour, take her back again?

From

" From hence I logically gather
 " The Woman cannot live with either.
 " Now, I have two right honest Wives,
 " For whose Possession no Man strives:
 " One to ATRIDES I will send,
 " And t'other to my Trojan Friend.
 " Each Prince shall thus with Honour have
 " What both so warmly seem to crave;
 " The Wrath of Gods and Men shall cease,
 " And POLTIS live and die in Peace.

DICK, if this Story pleaseth thee,
 Pray thank Dan. POPE, who told it me.

*Thus MAT. But whether his Tale
 or mine is preferable, must be referr'd,
 READER, to your great Judgment and
 Delicacy. For my Part, I shall rest
 contented, though you give it against me;
 for I have long been of honest Mr.
 FENTON'S Mind, who, in the plea-
 saunt Manere of gentil Maister JEOFF-
 RY CHAUCER, sings,*

B

"Ryghte

“ Ryghte wele areeds Dan PRIOR's
Song,

“ A Tale should never be too long ;

“ And, sikerly, in fair *England*,

“ None bett doth *Taling* understond,



THE



THE T A L E.



'RE *Europe's* Peace is broken
quite,

E're Fleets and Armies meet in
Fight ;

E're Blood is spilt, and Treasure spent,

E're Crowns are lost, and Kingdoms rent ;

Ye jarring *Pow'rs*, with Patience, hear

A Tale, from PLUTARCH, worth your Ear.

When *Greeks*, revengeful, had decreed
Against the *Trojans* to proceed,

'Twas thought expedient to take in

What neighbouring Forces they cou'd win ;

That, by collected Rage and Strength,

The Town might be their own, at Length.

Ambassadors, among the rest,
 To POLTIS, carried their Request.
 The *Thracian*, tardy, as the *Dutch*,
 Car'd not for War and Mischief much:
 But, warily, the Cause enquir'd,
 That had the *Grecian* Chiefs inspir'd
 With hostile Fury——.

'Twas told, with Circumstances strong,
 That MENELAUS suffers Wrong
 From PARIS, unprovok'd — and how
 The Adulterers live together, now:
 But that, with his concurring Aid,
 They were not, in the least, afraid,
 But HELEN shou'd be had again,
 And Troy laid level with the Plain.

He, good and wise! the Matter weigh'd,
 And then, in peaceful Manner, said;

“ Is

- “ Is that your Quarrel, that your Strife ?
 “ Is all this Pother for a Wife ?
 “ For Shame, ye *Greeks*, your Anger stifle,
 “ Nor break the Peace for such a Trifle.
 “ What tho’ the Rape was most injurious,
 “ Consider, *P A R I S*’ Love was furious.
 “ ’Twas wrong the *Grecian* to supplant ;
 “ And ’twere so, shou’d the *Trojan* want.
 “ Both must have Wives. Come, I have Two ;
 “ And, for the Sake of Peace and You,
 “ (Tho’ both are as belov’d by me,
 “ As Wives, in Conscience, ought to be :)
 “ I’ll One to that same *Trojan* send,
 “ And t’other to my *Grecian* Friend.
 “ If either of ’em shou’d again,
 “ For want of Female Flesh complain,
 “ The Devil’s in him. For my Part,
 “ I’m satisfy’d, with all my Heart ;
 “ And must be very sick of Life,
 “ When I take Cudgels for a Wife.

The

The *Greeks* despis'd these Ways and Means
 T' accommodate the Difference :
 But, headlong, to the Battel rush'd,
 And ten long Years for Conquest push'd ;
 Lost many Pounds, and many Lives,
 Worth twenty times as many Wives ;
 And, when, at last, the War was o'er,
 What was it from the * Field they bore ?
 Why, FALSTAFF'S Honour, and a Whore !

* N. B. HERODOTUS and other Historians tell you, that HELEN was not at Troy in Time of the War ; and consequently not carried in Triumph thence by the *Greeks*, as we Poets wou'd have it : But, leaving the Controversy to *Criticks*, it is enough for us that there is no Improbability in our Fiction. I think the Tale runs very well ; and, by its Likeness to Truth, shou'd be true. Reader, what think you?



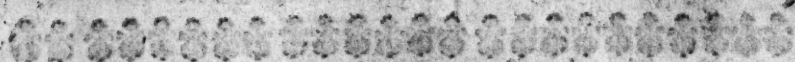


REASONABLE FEAR :
OR,
The Frogs and Fighting Bulls.
A
F A B L E
FROM
P H O E D R U S.

Applied to
All PEOPLE of Inferior Condition.

—*Delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achivi.* HOR.





REASONABLE FEAR:

OR

The Frog and Fighting Bulls

A

FABLE

FROM

THE HISTORY OF

Applied to

All Fears of Inferior Condition.

—Delivered by Robert B. Lewis, M.D., N.Y.





THE
Second PREFACE :

Concerning the

First FABLE.



D ID you never read CROXALL'S
Fables of ÆSOP, and others?
In the Application of the 15th
Fable, he says, "It is of no
" small Importance to the honest, quiet
" Part of Mankind, who desire nothing
" so much as to see Peace and Virtue
" flourish, to enter seriously and impar-
" tially into the Consideration of this
" Point : For, as Significant as the
C Quarrels

“ Quarrels of Great Ones may sometimes
 “ be, yet they are nothing without their
 “ espousing and supporting them, one
 “ Way or other. What is it that occasi-
 “ ons Parties, but the ambitious or avar-
 “ itious Spirit of Men in eminent Sta-
 “ tions, who want to engross all Power
 “ into their own Hands? Upon this they
 “ foment Divisions, and form Factions,
 “ and excite Animosities between well-
 “ meaning, but undiscerning People ;
 “ who little think that the only Aim of
 “ their Leaders is no more than the Ad-
 “ vancement of their own private Self-
 “ Interest. The Good of the Publick is
 “ always pretended upon such Occasions,
 “ and may sometimes happen to be tack’d
 “ to their own ; but it is a Rid r, and
 “ was never originally intended.

THE



T H E
First F A B L E.



W A R happens not among the *Great*,
But *Little ones* partake their Fate.
Nay, whatsoe'er befalls the *First*,
The *Last* are sure to be accurst.
Those may but play the Fool; while *These*
Are Sufferers for all their Days.

To strike this Moral on the Mind,
P H O E D R U S, a Lover of Mankind,
In proper Time and Season, told
This Fable, in the Days of old.

One Day, as thousand Frogs were leaping
Upon the Lake, one stood a-peeping

From out the Croud, by Way of Centry,
 To warn, in Case of need, the Gentry——
 When, lo! he heard a dreadful Rattle,
 And saw two furious Bulls in Battel,
 Sudden, he croak'd a loud Alarm,
 And bid the long-leg'd Nation arm.

“ Behold, says he, what Work is yonder !

“ What will become of us, I wonder ?

Confusion spreading, cry'd another,

“ Why all this frightful Noise, good Brother ?

“ What Damage can their Quarrels do ?

“ They're distant far, and different too.—

Reply'd the Centry, “ That is true ;

“ Their Kind, their Manner, and their Station,

“ (I own) resemble not our Nation :

“ But, put the Case, that one is beat——

“ D'ye think, that, after the Defeat,

“ He will not from the Meadow run,

“ And, in the Marshes, seek to shun

His

“ His Foe?—Now, Brother, should the
Bull,

“ In such Confusion, break your Skull,

“ Or tread your Guts out, 'twere too late

“ To see and shun the horrid Fate,

“ So, yon Dispute of theirs concerns us

“ More than you thought—And who so warns
us

“ Of threaten'd Danger, is a Friend,

“ Tho' J o y e should ne'er the Mischief
send



"The For— Brother should the
 "At such a distance, break your skill,
 "Onward your Gait out, were too late
 "To see and then the horror I see
 "So your Dismissal, their concern as
 "Below than you thought—And who would want
 "Of the man's Danger, is a friend
 "The Lord would never the Mitchell
 "And





WAYS and MEANS :

OR,

The Belly and the Members.

A

F A B L E

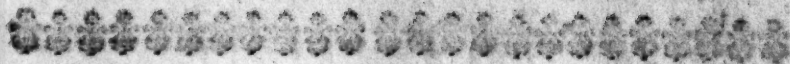
FROM

Menenius Agrippa.

Applied to the

Subjects of GREAT BRITAIN.





WAYS and MEANS :

OR

The Belly and the Members.

A

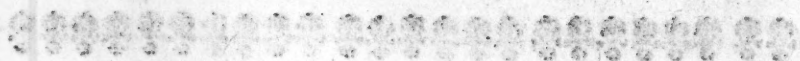
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FROM

MICHAEL AGRIFFA.

Applied to the

Subjects of GREAT BRITAIN.





THE
Third PREFACE:

Concerning the

Second FABLE.

READER,



*HIS Fable was spoken by
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, a
famous Roman Consul and
General, when he was depu-
ted by the Senate to appease a dangerous Tu-
mult and Insurrection of the People. The ma-
ny Wars that Nation was engaged in, and
D the*

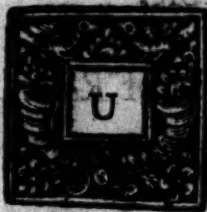
the frequent Supplies they were obliged to raise, had so sower'd and inflam'd the Minds of the Populace, that they were resolv'd to endure it no longer, and obstinately refused to pay the Taxes that were levied upon them. It is easy to discern how the Great Man applied his Fable. Every Man's Enjoyment of that Little which he gains by his daily Labour, depends upon the Government's being maintain'd in a Condition to defend and secure him in it.



THE



T H E
Second F A B L E.



PON a Time (ev'n so my Nurse
Us'd to begin her sage Discourse)
The *Roman* Government, in-
volv'd,

On Ways and Means, like ours, resolv'd—
Videlicet, To save the Crown
By laying Taxes on the Town.

The People, all alarm'd and vexed,
Their Rulers suddenly perplexed ;
And Mobbers swore, by J O V E the Father
Of Men and Gods, to perish rather.

By turns a thousand various Ways
 Were try'd the Tumult to appease;
 But all in vain! The gathering Crowd,
 Like Streams collected, strong and loud,
 Impetuous grows; and spreads around
 A world of Terror.

* But —

Agrippa, eminent and able,
 Compos'd it, by the following Fable.

“ Vouchsafe, ye sovereign Lords of *Rome*,
 “ E're your fierce Rage the State consume,
 “ To hear a Parallel Up roar,
 “ That happen'd in the Days of *Yore*.
 “ I will not Friends, in my Oration,
 “ Pretend to tell the Provocation,

* *VIRGIL*, and other great Poets, often break off in the Middle of a Line, without any apparent Reason: But I found it reasonable to do so in this Place for want of a convenient Rhime. Who says
 I am not a reasonable Man?

“ Which

" Which *Members* whilom had receiv'd—

" But we'll suppose the *Belly* crav'd

" Some more Supplies, perhaps unus'd,

" Which they dislik'd, and so refus'd;

" Yea, in a factious Way, thought fit

" To grant his Worship ne're a Bit.

" He fasted Forty Days (say some,)

" Without, O strange! a single Crumb.

" Howe'er, 'tis certain that he fasted

" So long as their Resentment lasted;

" And That, all Authors are agreed,

" Was, till he perish'd, in mere Need!

" But what Revenge did this afford?

" Why, they were ruin'd with their Lord.

The Citizens the Moral law,
Submitted tamely to the Law;
And, in the Way of honest Traffick, strove
Who shou'd most useful to the Publick prove.

THE



THE
POSTSCRIPT.

READER,

HAVE you not conceived the Design of all this ? Why then I'll tell you.

Look e're ye Leap, ye *Princes*, is the Language of the Tale from *PLUTARCH*: Let not a small Matter provoke you to a great Expence. In short, hold a Congress, and be good Friends, if you can ; or, according to a *Scotch Maxim*, *Take a Pint, and agree.*

But should a War necessarily break out in *Europe*, let the first of these Fables alarm the People, who may think themselves unconcern'd in the Quarrel of the Powers engaged in it. Thus, like his late Grace of *Buckinghamshire*, I am *Pro Rege saepe, pro Republica semper.*

Yet,

Yet, lest any of his Majesty's Subjects
 shou'd impiously complain of a few Taxes,
 which the Legislature may find necessary to
 levy on them on such an extraordinary Oc-
 casion, the last Fable tells them their Duty,
 as well as any *Parson* in the three Kingdoms,
 and for less Money too! *Dixi.*

F I N I S.



Subject to the Majesty's Subjects
of a few Taxes
or necessary and necessary to
Ordinary or extraordinary
the last of them their Duty
as well as any Part in the three Kingdoms
and for the Money too! Dixit

FINIS

